

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.

Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;

Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

*War*. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.

*Lewis*. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

*War*. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.

*Lewis*. VVhat, is his loue to our Sister *Bona*?

*War*. Such it seemes,

As may befeeme a Monarch like himselfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,

That this his loue was an eternall plant,

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,

The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties sunne,

Exempt from enuy, but not from disdaine,

Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

*Lew*. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona*. Your grant or deniall shall be mine,

But ere this day I must confesse, when I

Haue heard your Kings deserts recounted,

Mine cares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew*. Then draw neere *Queene Margaret*, and be a witnesse,  
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.

*Prince Edw*. To *Edward*, but not the English King.

*War*. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his ease,

VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,

And as for you your selfe, our *quondam* *Queene*,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,

And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a Poste within.*

*Lewis*. Heere comes some Poste *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.

*Poste*. My Lord ambassador, this Letter is for you,

Sent from your brother, *Marquesse Montague*.

This from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf*. I like it well, that our faire *Queene* and *Mistresse*,

*Smiles*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Smiles* at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.

*P. Ed*. And marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were nettled.

*Lew*. Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, what are your newes?

*Queen*. Mine is such, as fills my heart with ioy.

*War*. Mine, full of sorrow and hearts discontent.

*Lew*. What, hath your King married the Lady *Gray*?

And now to excuse himselfe, sends vs a poste of papers?

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Qu*. This proueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwicks* honesty

*War*. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I haue of heavenly blisse,  
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*.

No more my King, for he dishonors me,  
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*,  
My father came to an vntimely death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

And thrust King *Henry* from his natieue home?

And (most vngratefull) doth he vse me thus?

My gracious *Queene*, pardon what is past,

And henceforth I am thy true seruitor:

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Q*. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults,  
If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.

*War*. So much his friend, I his vnfaied friend,

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,

Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

*Lew*. Then at the last I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue aide: and English messenger, returne

In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed King,

That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

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